

TALE OF A DOG

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Wyoming has quite a reputation for strong winds blowing. I remember I was herding sheep there when a wind started. We had to haul our water at this certain camp in barrels; we had a few full barrels. The winds blew them over and away. In about three days, the wind turned and blew them back. They were worn down to about the size of a five-gallon keg.

We lived in an old style home on the range wagon and kept supplies through an end gate in the wagon to store under the bed. Space was full, and we still had a 50 lb. sack of flour. So, we nailed it to the side of the wagon with large spikes. The next morning the wind had stripped the sack off the flour, and the spikes were all that was holding it.

I bought a dog while there and took him with me when I left. He turned out to be the best dog in the whole country for hunting all kinds of game birds and animals. He had a very keen nose for tracking, etc. I went fishing with a friend in Montana, and this dog started to growl and act like he always did when there was a bear anywhere around. He could always smell them for a great distance. I told my partner that there must be a bear around here; he said there was no bears anywhere near that place. So we followed the dog over a small hill and met two men walking leisurely along tying some self-made fly hooks on their leaders to go fishing. We asked them if they had seen a bear; they said no. I noticed their flies and said, "This one is sure a nice one." The man said, "It sure is. I tied it with some hair I got off a grizzly bear when I was in the Yukon Country last year." It just shows what a keen nose the dog had.

When hunting pheasants, I could let him out of the car and say, "Investigate." He would go out in a field of two or three acres or more, point his nose in the air and smell. If any pheasants were there, he would

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get in sight of the car, sit on his rear end and motion with his front foot for me to come. And sure enough, the birds were there.

I took the dog with me to South Dakota. There was a place there where there was a lot of Bob Whites. You know -- these birds are fast fliers and hard to flush and hit. But this dog turned out to be the best for hunting them in the whole country. Hunters would come from all parts to see the dog work and also offer to buy him. I took him into town one day, and he kept following and watching a strange man there. When he stopped, the dog would stand and point him. I couldn't figure out why the dog was acting like that. I introduced myself to the man, told him my name, and asked if he had any idea why the dog was acting like that. I introduced myself to the man, told him my name, and asked if he had any idea why the dog was acting like he was. He said he couldn't figure it out. I then asked the man his name. He said his name was White. I said, "What is your first name?", and he said it was Robert, but everybody called him Bob. So, you see the dog was keen enough to know he was a Bob White.

The dog and I traveled around to different places for some time, and wherever we went his reputation was soon discovered to be the best dog hunters ever saw. I used the dog a lot, and other bird hunters would be glad to get him with them long enough to get their limit of game. When he was hunting with a hunter that was a poor shot, the dog would put his nose up in the air and cry big tears every time he missed. Eventually he got kind of cross-eyed, and when he would cry, the tears would run down his back.

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He went hunting one day with a man that was a very bad shot, and the dog worked hard for hours getting birds up for him. He kept missing them when he shot, and the dog would cry big tears down his back. The man finally brought him home. It was a cold day, and the dog was tired. His back was wet with tears from his crossed eyes, on account of the man being such a poor shot. The dog ate his supper okay and went to sleep in his warm kennel. But, in the morning he was dead. I tried hard to find out why he died, and the verdict by a dog expert was that it was "Back Tearia" that caused it.